LESSON 1

Letter B

B for the Bees, that fly out here and there,

And bring to the hive the sweet honey with care.

Letter D

D for Ducks, swimming, diving, and playing together;

They care not for rain nor the stormiest weather.

Letter F

F are the Fowls: the hens and the cocks.

Take care, my fine birdies, beware of the fox.

Letter H

H is the Horse, so sleek and so strong;

He draws the hay-cart to the meadow along.

Letter J

J is Jane telling Johnny go faster,

That Johnny likes to avoid disaster.

Letter K

K are the Kittens, that live in the stable;

They will catch all the mice as soon as they're able.

Letter L

L is for Lucy, who waits at the stile,

And puts down the pail, for she's resting awhile.

Letter M

M is the Milk, which is good, kitty thinks,

And so, uninvited and slyly, she drinks.

Letter N

N is for the Nuts; and when lessons are done,

Two boys can go nutting much better than one.

Letter P

P is for some Pigs, which have strayed from their sty,
But of course will return there to bed by-and-by.

Letter Q

Q stands for the Quince I have plucked from a tree,
To flavour the tart Mary's making for me.

Letter R

R for the Rabbits, white, spotted, and gray;
Just see how that little one nibbles away.

Letter T

T for the Turkey, who stately doth sail,
With long sweeping wings and wide-spreading tail.

Letter V

V for the Vine, growing high on the wall;
Take care, little boy, or you surely will fall.

Letter W

W for Waggon, that stands empty alone

Near the trees in the fields when the horses are gone.

Letter Z

Z is for Zachary, shutting the gate;

So Good Night, little children; it's getting quite late.

LESSON 2

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:

One more my master,

One for my dame,

And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.

Barber, Barber

Barber, barber, shave a pig.
How many hairs will make a wig?
Four and twenty; that's enough.
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

Bat, Bat

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake I'll give you cake,
If I am not mistaken.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses,
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it o'er with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,

And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

Billy, Billy, Come and Play

Billy, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day.
Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.

Billy, Billy, have you seen,
Sam and Betsy on the green?
Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o’er the new-mown grass.

Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will play a pretty song.
O then, Polly, I’ll make haste;
Not one moment will I waste.

Betty Pringle Had a Pig

Have you ever heard of Betty Pringle's pig?
It was very little and not very big;
When it was alive it lived in clover;
But now it's dead, and that's all over.

So, Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she sat down and died;
So there was an end of one, two, and three:
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy.

Bless You, Burny Bee and Bonny Bee

Bless you, bless you, Burny bee:
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be tomorrow day,

Take your wings and fly away.

Bless you, bless you, Bonny bee:
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be tomorrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

Blow, Wind, Blow! And Go, Mill Go!

Blow, wind, blow! And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

Bow, Wow, Wow

Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker’s dog,

Bow-wow-wow!

Bow, Wow, Says the Dog

“Bow, wow,” says the dog;
“Mew, mew,” says the cat;
“Grunt, grunt,” goes the hog;
And “Squeak!” goes the rat.

“Chirp, chirp,” says the sparrow;
“Caw, caw,” says the crow;
“Quack, quack,” says the duck;
And what cuckoos say, you know.

So, with sparrows and cuckoos;
With rats and with dogs;
With ducks and with crows;
With cats and with hogs;

A fine song I have made,

To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

Boys and Girls, Come Out to Play

Boys and girls, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day.

Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street,
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.

Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all;
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.

Brow Bender

Brow bender,

Eye peeper,

Nose smeller,

Mouth eater,

Chin chopper.

Knock at the door,

Peep in;

Lift up the latch,

Walk in.

Buzz and Hum

Buzz, quoth the blue fly,

Hum quoth the bee,

Buzz and hum they cry,

And so do we:

In his ear, in his nose, thus, do you see?

He ate the dormouse, else it was he.

Bye, Baby Bunting

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

LESSON 3

Daffy-Down-Dilly

Daffy-Down-Dilly is new come to town,
With a petticoat green and a bright yellow gown.

Dance to Your Daddy

Dance to your daddy,
My little babby,

Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

Diddle, Diddle Dumpling

Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on,
One stocking off, and one stocking on;
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

Dickory Dickory Dock

Dickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,

The mouse ran down,

Dickory, dickory, dock!

A Dillar, A Dollar

A dillar, a dollar

A ten-o'clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,

But now you come at noon.

Diddle-Y-Diddle-Y-Dumpty

Diddle-y-diddle-y dumpty,

The cat run up the plum tree,

Have a crown to fetch her down,

Diddle-y-diddle-y-dumpty.

The Donkey

Donkey, donkey, old and grey,
Open your mouth to gently bray;
Lift your ears and blow your horn,
To wake the world this sleepy morn.

The Dusty Miller

Margaret wrote a letter,
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the dam
For the dusty miller.

Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was the siller,
Dusty was the kiss
I'd from the dusty miller.

If I had my pockets
Full of gold and siller,

I would give it all
To my dusty miller.

LESSON 4

Freddie and the Cherry Tree

Freddie saw some fine ripe cherries
Hanging on a cherry-tree,
And he said, “You pretty cherries,
Will you not come down to me?”

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,
Standing high upon his toes;
But the cherry bobbed about,
And laughed, and tickled Freddie’s nose.

Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle

There was an owl lived in an oak,

Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

Fiddle Cum Fee

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee!
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse:
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

Fire, Fire

"Fire! Fire!" said the town crier;
"Where? Where?" said Goody Blair;
"Down the town," said Goody Brown;
"I'll go and see't," said Goody Fleet;
"So will I," said Goody Fry.

Fred

When little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

Fiddle-De-Dee

Fiddle-de-dee,
Fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the bumble-bee.
They went to the church and married was she,
The fly has married the bumble-bee.

Feetikins

“Feetikin, feetikin,
When will you go?”

“When the nights turn short,
And the days turn long,
I’ll toddle and go,
Toddle and go!”

Fly Away, Fly Away Over the Sea

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Fingers and Toes

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails; upon each hand
Five; and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true, without deceit.

Ferry Me Across the Water

“Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.”
“If you’ve a penny in your purse
I’ll ferry you.”

“I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do.”

“Step into my ferry-boat
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I’ll ferry you.”

LESSON 5

What Jack Horner Did

By L. Frank Baum

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Little Jack Horner lived in an old, tumble-down house at the edge of a big wood; and there many generations of Horners had lived before him, and had earned their living by chopping wood. Jack's father and mother were both dead, and he lived with his grandfather and grandmother, who took great pains to teach him all that a boy should know.

They lived very comfortably and happily together until one day a great tree fell upon Grandpa Horner and crushed his legs; and from that time on he could not work at all, but had to be nursed and tended very carefully.

This calamity was a great affliction to the Horners.

Grandma Horner had a little money saved up in an old broken teapot that she kept in the cupboard, but that would not last them a great time, and when it was gone they would have nothing with which to buy food.

“I’m sure I don’t know what is to become of us,” she said to Jack, “for I am too old to work, and you are too young.” She always told her troubles to Jack now; small though he was, he was the only one she could talk freely with, since it would only bother the poor crippled grandfather to tell him how low the money was getting in the teapot.

“It is true,” replied Jack, “that you are too old to work, for your rheumatism will barely allow you to care for the house and cook our meals; and there is Grandpa to be tended. But I am not too young to work, Grandma, and I shall take my little hatchet and go into the wood. I cannot cut the big trees, but I can the smaller ones, and I am sure I shall be able to pile up enough wood to secure the money we need for food.”

“You are a good boy, dear,” said Grandma Horner, patting his head lovingly, “but you are too young for the task. We must think of some other way to keep the wolf from the door.”

But Jack was not shaken in his resolve, although he saw it was useless to argue further with his grandmother. So the next morning he rose very early and took his little axe and went into the wood to begin his work. There were a good many branches scattered about, and these he was able to cut with ease; and then he piled them up nicely to be sold when the wood-carter next came around. When dinner time came he stopped long enough to eat some of the bread and cheese he had brought with him, and then he resumed his work.

But scarcely had he chopped one branch when a faint cry from the wood arrested his attention. It seemed as if someone was shouting for help. Jack listened for a

moment and again heard the cry.

Without he seized his axe and ran toward the place from whence the cry had proceeded. The underbrush was very thick and the thorns caught in his clothing and held him back, but with the aid of his sharp little axe he overcame all difficulties and presently reached a place where the wood was more open.

He paused here, for often he had been told by Grandpa Horner that there were treacherous bogs in this part of the wood, which were so covered with mosses and ferns that the ground seemed solid enough to walk upon. But woe to the unlucky traveler who stepped unawares upon their surface; for instantly he found himself caught by the clinging moist clay, to sink farther and farther into the bog until, swallowed up in the mire, he would meet a horrible death beneath its slimy surface. His grandfather had told him never to go near these terrible bogs, and Jack, who was an obedient boy, had always kept away from this part

of the wood. But as he paused, again that despairing cry came to his ears, very near to him now, it seemed:

“Help!”

Forgetful of all save a desire to assist this unknown sufferer, Jack sprang forward with an answering cry, and only halted when he found himself upon the edge of a vast bog.

“Where are you?” he then shouted.

“Here!” answered a voice, and, looking down, Jack saw, a few feet away, the head and shoulders of a man. He had walked into the bog and sunk into its treacherous depths nearly to his waist, and, although he struggled bravely, his efforts only seemed to draw him farther down toward a frightful death.

For a moment, filled with horror and dismay, Jack stood

looking at the man. Then he remembered a story he had once heard of how a man had been saved from the bog.

“Be quiet, sir!” he called to the unfortunate stranger; “save all your strength, and I may yet be able to rescue you.”

He then ran to a tall sapling that stood near and began chopping away with his axe. The keen blade speedily cut through the young but tough wood, and, then Jack dragged it to the edge of the bog, and, exerting all his strength, pushed it out until the sapling was within reach of the sinking man.

“Grab it, sir!” he called out, “and hold on tightly. It will keep you from sinking farther into the mire, and when you have gained more strength you may be able to pull yourself out.”

“You are a brave boy,” replied the stranger, “and I shall do as you tell me.”

It was a long and tedious struggle, and often Jack thought the stranger would despair and be unable to drag his body from the firm clutch of the bog; but little by little the man succeeded in drawing himself up by the sapling, and at last he was saved, and sank down exhausted upon the firm ground by Jack's side.

The boy then ran for some water that stood in a slough nearby, and with this he bathed the stranger's face and cooled his parched lips. Then he gave him the remains of his bread and cheese, and soon the gentleman became strong enough to walk with Jack's help to the cottage at the edge of the wood.

Grandma Horner was greatly surprised to see the strange man approaching, supported by her sturdy little grandson; but she ran to help him, and afterward gave him some old clothing of Grandpa Horner's to replace his own muddy garments. When the man had fully rested, she brewed him her last bit of tea, and by that time the stranger declared

he felt as good as new.

“Is this your son, ma’am ?” he asked, pointing to Jack.

“He is my grandson, sir,” answered the woman.

“He is a good boy,” declared the stranger, “and a brave boy as well, for he has saved my life. I live far away in a big city, and have plenty of money. If you will give Jack to me I will take him home and educate him, and make a great man of him when he grows up.”

Grandma Horner hesitated, for the boy was very dear to her and the pride of her old age; but Jack spoke up for himself.

“I’ll not go,” he said, stoutly; “you are very kind, and mean well by me, but Grandma and Grandpa have only me to care for them now, and I must stay with them and cut the wood, and so keep them supplied with food.”

The stranger said nothing more, but he patted Jack's head kindly, and soon after left them and took the road to the city.

The next morning Jack went to the wood again, and began chopping as bravely as before. And by hard he cut a great deal of wood, which the wood-carter carried away and sold for him. The pay was not very much, to be sure, but Jack was glad that he was able to earn something to help his grandparents.

And so the days passed rapidly away until it was nearly Christmas time, and now, in spite of Jack's earnings, the money was very low indeed in the broken teapot.

One day, just before Christmas, a great wagon drove up to the door of the little cottage, and in it was the stranger Jack had rescued from the bog. The wagon was loaded with a store of good things which would add to the comfort

of the aged pair and their grandson, including medicines for Grandpa and rare teas for Grandma, and a fine suit of clothes for Jack, who was just then away at work in the wood.

When the stranger had brought all these things into the house, he asked to see the old teapot. Trembling with the excitement of their good fortune, Grandma Horner brought out the teapot, and the gentleman drew a bag from beneath his coat and filled the pot to the brim with shining gold pieces.

“If ever you need more, ” he said, “send to me, and you shall have all you wish to make you comfortable.”

Then he told her his name, and where he lived, so that she might find him if need be, and then he drove away in the empty wagon before Grandma Horner had half finished thanking him.

You can imagine how astonished and happy little Jack was when he returned from his work and found all the good things his kind benefactor had brought. Grandma Horner was herself so delighted that she caught the boy in her arms, and hugged and kissed him, declaring that his brave rescue of the gentleman had brought them all this happiness in their hour of need.

“Tomorrow is Christmas,” she said, “and we shall have an abundance with which to celebrate the good day. So I shall make you a Christmas pie, Jack dear, and stuff it full of plums, for you must have your share of our unexpected prosperity.”

And Grandma Horner was as good as her word, and made a very delicious pie indeed for her darling grandson.

And this was how it came that:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

And he was a very good boy. Don't you think so?

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Handy Pandy

Handy Pandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop!

Hot-Cross Buns

Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

Hickety, Pickety

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

Hark! Hark! The Dogs Do Bark

Hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock

Hickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock!

Here We Go

Here we go up, up, up,

Here we go down, down, down;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

Hush-a-Bye

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

Hippety Hop

Hippety hop to the barber shop,
To get a stick of candy,
One for you and one for me,
And one for Sister Mandy.

Hector Protector

Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen;
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

Hickup, Hickup

Hickup, hickup, go away!
Come again another day;
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,
I'll give to you a butter-cake.

Hey! Diddle, Diddle

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed

To see such sport;

While the dish ran away with the spoon.

LESSON 6

Jack and the Beanstalk

Edited by Andrew Lang

JACK SELLS THE COW.

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack.

Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind-hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter, and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow; so

one morning she said to her son, “I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market for me, and sell her.”

Jack liked going to market to sell the cow very much; but as he was on the way, he met a butcher who had some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them, and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value, and persuaded the silly lad to sell the cow for these beans.

When he brought them home to his mother instead of the money she expected for her nice cow, she was very vexed and shed many tears, scolding Jack for his folly. He was very sorry, and mother and son went to bed very sadly that night; their last hope seemed gone.

At daybreak Jack rose and went out into the garden.

“At least,” he thought, “I will sow the wonderful beans. Mother says that they are just common scarlet-runners,

and nothing else; but I may as well sow them."

So he took a piece of stick, and made some holes in the ground, and put in the beans.

That day they had very little dinner, and went sadly to bed, knowing that for the next day there would be none and Jack, unable to sleep from grief and vexation, got up at day-dawn and went out into the garden.

What was his amazement to find that the beans had grown up in the night, and climbed up and up till they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it! The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together till they formed quite a ladder.

"It would be easy to climb it," thought Jack.

And, having thought of the experiment, he at once resolved to carry it out, for Jack was a good climber.

However, after his late mistake about the cow, he thought he had better consult his mother first.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE BEANSTALK

So Jack called his mother, and they both gazed in silent wonder at the Beanstalk, which was not only of great height, but was thick enough to bear Jack's weight.

"I wonder where it ends," said Jack to his mother; "I think I will climb up and see."

His mother wished him not to venture up this strange ladder, but Jack coaxed her to give her consent to the attempt, for he was certain there must be something wonderful in the Beanstalk; so at last she yielded to his wishes.

Jack instantly began to climb, and went up and up on the ladder- like bean till everything he had left behind him—the

cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower–looked quite little, and still he could not see the top of the Beanstalk.

Jack felt a little tired, and thought for a moment that he would go back again; but he was a very persevering boy, and he knew that the way to succeed in anything is not to give up. So after resting for a moment he went on.

After climbing higher and higher, till he grew afraid to look down for fear he should be giddy, Jack at last reached the top of the Beanstalk, and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded, with beautiful meadows covered with sheep. A crystal stream ran through the pastures; not far from the place where he had got off the Beanstalk stood a fine, strong castle.

Jack wondered very much that he had never heard of or seen this castle before; but when he reflected on the subject, he saw that it was as much separated from the

village by the perpendicular rock on which it stood as if it were in another land.

While Jack was standing looking at the castle, a very strange- looking woman came out of the wood, and advanced towards him.

She wore a pointed cap of quilted red satin turned up with ermine, her hair streamed loose over her shoulders, and she walked with a staff. Jack took off his cap and made her a bow.

“If you please, ma’am,” said he, “is this your house?”

“No,” said the old lady. “Listen, and I will tell you the story of that castle.”

“Once upon a time there was a noble knight, who lived in this castle, which is on the borders of Fairyland. He had a fair and beloved wife and several lovely children: and as his

neighbors, the little people, were very friendly towards him, they bestowed on him many excellent and precious gifts."

"Rumour whispered of these treasures; and a monstrous giant, who lived at no great distance, and who was a very wicked being, resolved to obtain possession of them."

"So he bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle, when the knight was in bed and asleep, and he killed him as he lay. Then he went to the part of the castle which was the nursery, and also killed all the poor little ones he found there."

"Happily for her, the lady was not to be found. She had gone with her infant son, who was only two or three months old, to visit her old nurse, who lived in the valley; and she had been detained all night there by a storm."

"The next morning, as soon as it was light, one of the servants at the castle, who had managed to escape,

came to tell the poor lady of the sad fate of her husband and her pretty babes. She could scarcely believe him at first, and was eager at once to go back and share the fate of her dear ones; but the old nurse, with many tears, besought her to remember that she had still a child, and that it was her duty to preserve her life for the sake of the poor innocent."

"The lady yielded to this reasoning, and consented to remain at her nurse's house as the best place of concealment; for the servant told her that the giant had vowed, if he could find her, he would kill both her and her baby. Years rolled on. The old nurse died, leaving her cottage and the few articles of furniture it contained to her poor lady, who dwelt in it, working as a peasant for her daily bread. Her spinning-wheel and the milk of a cow, which she had purchased with the little money she had with her, sufficed for the scanty subsistence of herself and her little son. There was a nice little garden attached to the cottage, in which they cultivated peas, beans, and

cabbages, and the lady was not ashamed to go out at harvest time, and glean in the fields to supply her little son's wants."

"Jack, that poor lady is your mother. This castle was once your father's, and must again be yours."

Jack uttered a cry of surprise.

"My mother! Oh, madam, what ought I to do? My poor father! My dear mother!"

"Your duty requires you to win it back for your mother. But the task is a very difficult one, and full of peril, Jack. Have you courage to undertake it?"

"I fear nothing when I am doing right," said Jack.

"Then," said the lady in the red cap, "you are one of those who slay giants. You must get into the castle, and if

possible possess yourself of a hen that lays golden eggs, and a harp that talks. Remember, all the giant possesses is really yours.' As she ceased speaking, the lady of the red hat suddenly disappeared, and of course Jack knew she was a fairy."

Jack determined at once to attempt the adventure; so he advanced, and blew the horn which hung at the castle portal. The door was opened in a minute or two by a frightful giantess, with one great eye in the middle of her forehead.

As soon as Jack saw her he turned to run away, but she caught him, and dragged him into the castle.

"Ho, ho!" she laughed terribly. "You didn't expect to see me here, that is clear! No, I shan't let you go again. I am weary of my life. I am so overworked, and I don't see why I should not have a page as well as other ladies. And you shall be my boy. You shall clean the knives, and black the boots,

and make the fires, and help me generally when the giant is out. When he is at home I must hide you, for he has eaten up all my pages hitherto, and you would be a dainty morsel, my little lad."

While she spoke she dragged Jack right into the castle. The poor boy was very much frightened, as I am sure you and I would have been in his place. But he remembered that fear disgraces a man; so he struggled to be brave and make the best of things.

"I am quite ready to help you, and do all I can to serve you, madam," he said, "only I beg you will be good enough to hide me from your husband, for I should not like to be eaten at all."

"That's a good boy," said the Giantess, nodding her head; "it is lucky for you that you did not scream out when you saw me, as the other boys who have been here did, for if you had done so my husband would have awakened and

have eaten you, as he did them, for breakfast. Come here, child; go into my wardrobe: he never ventures to open that; you will be safe there."

Jack Meets the Giantess

And she opened a huge wardrobe which stood in the great hall, and shut him into it. But the keyhole was so large that it admitted plenty of air, and he could see everything that took place through it. By-and-by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs, like the lumbering along of a great cannon, and then a voice like thunder cried out;

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"Wife," cried the Giant, "there is a man in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast."

“You are grown old and stupid,” cried the lady in her loud tones. “It is only a nice fresh steak off an elephant, that I have cooked for you, which you smell. There, sit down and make a good breakfast.”

And she placed a huge dish before him of savory steaming meat, which greatly pleased him, and made him forget his idea of an Englishman being in the castle. When he had breakfasted he went out for a walk; and then the Giantess opened the door, and made Jack come out to help her. He helped her all day. She fed him well, and when evening came put him back in the wardrobe.

THE HEN THAT LAYS GOLDEN EGGS.

The Giant came in to supper. Jack watched him through the keyhole, and was amazed to see him pick a wolf’s bone, and put half a fowl at a time into his capacious mouth.

When the supper was ended he bade his wife bring him his hen that laid the golden eggs.

“It lays as well as it did when it belonged to that paltry knight,” he said; “indeed I think the eggs are heavier than ever.”

The Giantess went away, and soon returned with a little brown hen, which she placed on the table before her husband. “And now, my dear,” she said, “I am going for a walk, if you don’t want me any longer.”

“Go,” said the Giant; “I shall be glad to have a nap by-and-by.”

Then he took up the brown hen and said to her:

“Lay!” And she instantly laid a golden egg.

“Lay!” said the Giant again. And she laid another.

“Lay!” he repeated the third time. And again a golden egg lay on the table.

Now Jack was sure this hen was that of which the fairy had spoken.

By-and-by the Giant put the hen down on the floor, and soon after went fast asleep, snoring so loud that it sounded like thunder.

Directly Jack perceived that the Giant was fast asleep, he pushed open the door of the wardrobe and crept out; very softly he stole across the room, and, picking up the hen, made haste to quit the apartment. He knew the way to the kitchen, the door of which he found was left ajar; he opened it, shut and locked it after him, and flew back to the Beanstalk, which he descended as fast as his feet would move.

When his mother saw him enter the house she wept for joy, for she had feared that the fairies had carried him away, or that the Giant had found him. But Jack put the brown hen down before her, and told her how he had been in the Giant's castle, and all his adventures. She was very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

THE MONEY BAGS.

Jack made another journey up the Beanstalk to the Giant's castle one day while his mother had gone to market; but first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him again, and dragged him in as she had done before, to help her to do the work; but she heard her husband coming, and hid him in the wardrobe, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen. She bade him stay quite still there, or the Giant would eat him.

Then the Giant came in saying:

“Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.”

“Nonsense!” said the wife, “it is only a roasted bullock that I thought would be a tit-bit for your supper; sit down and I will bring it up at once.'” The Giant sat down, and soon his wife brought up a roasted bullock on a large dish, and they began their supper. Jack was amazed to see them pick the bones of the bullock as if it had been a lark. As soon as they had finished their meal, the Giantess rose and said:

“Now, my dear, with your leave I am going up to my room to finish the story I am reading. If you want me call for me.”

“First,” answered the Giant, “bring me my money bags, that I may count my golden pieces before I sleep.” The Giantess obeyed. She went and soon returned with two large bags

over her shoulders, which she put down by her husband.

“There,” she said; “that is all that is left of the knight’s money. When you have spent it you must go and take another baron’s castle.”

“That he shan’t, if I can help it,” thought Jack.

The Giant, when his wife was gone, took out heaps and heaps of golden pieces, and counted them, and put them in piles, till he was tired of the amusement. Then he swept them all back into their bags, and leaning back in his chair fell fast asleep, snoring so loud that no other sound was audible.

Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and taking up the bags of money (which were his very own, because the Giant had stolen them from his father), he ran off, and with great difficulty descending the Beanstalk, laid the bags of gold on his mother’s table. She had just returned from

town, and was crying at not finding Jack.

“There, mother, I have brought you the gold that my father lost.”

“Oh, Jack! you are a very good boy, but I wish you would not risk your precious life in the Giant’s castle. Tell me how you came to go there again.”

And Jack told her all about it.

Jack’s mother was very glad to get the money, but she did not like him to run any risk for her.

But after a time Jack made up his mind to go again to the Giant’s castle.

THE TALKING HARP.

So he climbed the Beanstalk once more, and blew the

horn at the Giant's gate. The Giantess soon opened the door; she was very stupid, and did not know him again, but she stopped a minute before she took him in. She feared another robbery; but Jack's fresh face looked so innocent that she could not resist him, and so she bade him come in, and again hid him away in the wardrobe.

By-and-by the Giant came home, and as soon as he had crossed the threshold he roared out:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'"

"You stupid old Giant," said his wife, "you only smell a nice sheep, which I have grilled for your dinner."

And the Giant sat down, and his wife brought up a whole sheep for his dinner. When he had eaten it all up, he said:

“Now bring me my harp, and I will have a little music while you take your walk.”

The Giantess obeyed, and returned with a beautiful harp. The framework was all sparkling with diamonds and rubies, and the strings were all of gold.

“This is one of the nicest things I took from the knight,” said the Giant. “I am very fond of music, and my harp is a faithful servant.”

So he drew the harp towards him, and said:

“Play!”

And the harp played a very soft, sad air.

“Play something merrier!” said the Giant.

And the harp played a merry tune.

“Now play me a lullaby,” roared the Giant; and the harp played a sweet lullaby, to the sound of which its master fell asleep.

Then Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and went into the huge kitchen to see if the Giantess had gone out; he found no one there, so he went to the door and opened it softly, for he thought he could not do so with the harp in his hand.

Then he entered the Giant’s room and seized the harp and ran away with it; but as he jumped over the threshold the harp called out:

“Master! Master!”

And the Giant woke up.

With a tremendous roar he sprang from his seat, and in two strides had reached the door.

But Jack was very nimble. He fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went (for he saw it was a fairy), and telling it he was the son of its old master, the knight.

Jack Runs from the Giant

Still the Giant came on so fast that he was quite close to poor Jack, and had stretched out his great hand to catch him. But, luckily, just at that moment he stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled, and fell flat on the ground, where he lay at his full length.

This accident gave Jack time to get on the Beanstalk and hasten down it; but just as he reached their own garden he beheld the Giant descending after him.

“Mother, Mother!” cried Jack, “make haste and give me the axe.”

His mother ran to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow cut through all the Beanstalks except one.

“Now, mother, stand out of the way!” said he.

THE GIANT BREAKS HIS NECK.

Jack’s mother shrank back, and it was well she did so, for just as the Giant took hold of the last branch of the Beanstalk, Jack cut the stem quite through and darted from the spot.

Down came the Giant with a terrible crash, and as he fell on his head, he broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of the woman he had so much injured.

Before Jack and his mother had recovered from their alarm and agitation, a beautiful lady stood before them.

“Jack,” said she, “you have acted like a brave knight’s son, and deserve to have your inheritance restored to you. Dig a grave and bury the Giant, and then go and kill the Giantess.”

“But,” said Jack, “I could not kill anyone unless I were fighting with him; and I could not draw my sword upon a woman. Moreover, the Giantess was very kind to me.”

The Fairy smiled on Jack.

“I am very much pleased with your generous feeling,” she said. “Nevertheless, return to the castle, and act as you will find needful.”

Jack asked the Fairy if she would show him the way to the castle, as the Beanstalk was now down. She told him that she would drive him there in her chariot, which was drawn by two peacocks. Jack thanked her, and sat down in the

chariot with her.

The Fairy drove him a long distance round, till they reached a village which lay at the bottom of the hill. Here they found a number of miserable-looking men assembled. The Fairy stopped her carriage and addressed them:

“My friends,” said she, “the cruel giant who oppressed you and ate up all your flocks and herds is dead, and this young gentleman was the means of your being delivered from him, and is the son of your kind old master, the knight.”

The men gave a loud cheer at these words, and pressed forward to say that they would serve Jack as faithfully as they had served his father. The Fairy bade them follow her to the castle, and they marched thither in a body, and Jack blew the horn and demanded admittance.

The old Giantess saw them coming from the turret loop-hole. She was very much frightened, for she guessed that something had happened to her husband; and as she came downstairs very fast she caught her foot in her dress, and fell from the top to the bottom and broke her neck.

When the people outside found that the door was not opened to them, they took crowbars and forced the portal. Nobody was to be seen, but on leaving the hall they found the body of the Giantess at the foot of the stairs.

Thus Jack took possession of the castle. The Fairy went and brought his mother to him, with the hen and the harp. He had the Giantess buried, and endeavored as much as lay in his power to do right to those whom the Giant had robbed.

Before her departure for fairyland, the Fairy explained to Jack that she had sent the butcher to meet him with the

beans, in order to try what sort of lad he was.

“If you had looked at the gigantic Beanstalk and only stupidly wondered about it,” she said, “I should have left you where misfortune had placed you, only restoring her cow to your mother. But you showed an inquiring mind, and great courage and enterprise, therefore you deserve to rise; and when you mounted the Beanstalk you climbed the Ladder of Fortune.”

She then took her leave of Jack and his mother.

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both,
They licked the platter clean.

Jumping Joan

Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me, I'm always alone.

Little Jack Jingle

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single;
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single,
And lived with his wife.

Jack Be Nimble

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

Johnny Shall Have a New Bonnet

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair;
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon,
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny?
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking.
And here's a foot for a shoe,

And he has a kiss for his daddy.
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

Jenny Shall Have a New Bonnet

Jenny shall have a new bonnet,
And Jenny shall go to the fair,
And Jenny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up her bonny brown hair.

Just Like Me

“I went up one pair of stairs.”
“Just like me.”
“I went up two pairs of stairs.”

“Just like me.”

“I went into a room.”

“Just like me.”

“I looked out of a window.”

“Just like me.”

“And there I saw a monkey.”

“Just like me.”

Jim and George

Jim and George were two great lords,

They fought all in a churn;

And when that Jim got George by the nose,

Then George began to grin.